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Bassan.

Engaged to a Sailor: Lady Alexandra Haig

It is announced that a marriage will take place shortly between Lady Alexandra Henrietta Louisa Haig and Commander Clarence Dinsmore Howard-Johnston, D.S.C., R.N. She is the eldest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig of Bemersyde and the late Countess Haig. Her brother, the present Earl, is in the Scots Greys. Lady Alexandra has been doing V.A.D. work since the outbreak of war. She is a member of a London Detachment and was chief assistant demonstrator at first aid and home nursing classes



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Bolt from the Blue

IT would be easy to exaggerate the possible influence on Hitler of finding that his erstwhile closest friend and colleague in the Nazi movement had taken up his aeroplane and fled. In the past he has shown himself strangely unmoved by such personal matters. Roehm, after all, was just such another friend. Yet when Hitler felt that he was becoming too powerful he shot him with his own hand. The Nazi Chancellor is subject to fits of hysteria, melancholia and ungoverned fury. He wept bitterly when German sailors were killed through Spanish bombing of his battleship on "non-intervention" patrol during the civil war a few years ago and in passion ordered a fierce bombardment of an innocent town—Almeria—by way of reprisal. But his emotion sprang not from love of the dead men but from hurt pride that hands had been laid on the Reich.

Since then the R.A.F. has laid many hands on the very heart of Germany, and the common people, by all reliable accounts, are bewildered and rather frightened. They learn from time to time that yet another country has been brought under the Nazi yoke, yet they feel no sensible improvement in their lot and lately have been told of many hard battles yet to come, of a war which will continue on for further years. They recall what was their fate in 1914-18 when the United States took up arms against them and they see those same Americans, this time much better organised and prepared, again sharpening the sword and making ready to

draw it from the sheath. When Rudolf Hess fell from the skies unheralded, a fugitive from his country, his very action must, in the nature of things, have been an expression of those uneasy feelings in Germany.

The Tale Unfolds

GRADUALLY the tale is unfolding and today we are better able to appreciate the significance of this strange visitation. A large amount of light has been thrown on Hitler's personal position in the Reich, his standing in the party, and with the people, the extent to which he has been forced to associate his personal position with the army rather than the party, and the degree to which the original ideals of the Nazi faith—if such they may be described—have had to be jettisoned in the search for military allies.

This insight into the state of affairs inside Germany, showing as it does a sharp cleavage within the tottering Nazi hierarchy, comes as no great surprise. From its earliest days there have been struggles among the leaders, great and small, for more influence and more graft. For years Hitler's skill has lain in his ability to play off one group against another. Hess, in the nature of things, as effective leader of the party, has been privy to most of what was going on and may have been gravely disturbed by the trend of events.

A Bid for Peace

HESS was said to be strongly opposed to the policy of rapprochement with Soviet Russia in 1939, and it may well be that he saw signs



New G.O.C.-in-C., Scottish Command

Lieutenant-General A.F. A.N. Thorne, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., became General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Scottish Command, ten days ago in succession to Lieutenant-General R. H. Carrington, K.C.B., D.S.O. He is a distinguished soldier of fifty-five who served throughout the Great War: was Military Attaché in Berlin 1932-1935, and commanded the 1st (Guards) Brigade in Palestine. He was at one time A.D.C. to the King, who last week appointed him Governor of Edinburgh Castle. His wife is an aunt of Lord Penrhyn.

of a new deal to link arms with the Bolsheviks for Russo-German collaboration in world partition. He may have seen "the party" being crushed between the upper millstone of Himmler's Gestapo and the nether of the army, with Hitler balancing precariously with a foot on each. Presently we shall know more about these things—perhaps even before these musings can appear in print.

One thing at least is clear, Hess came to Britain as a peace envoy, either self-appointed, or, as seems more likely, with the knowledge of the party—perhaps of Hitler himself. After he had flown away the German propaganda machine stated the nature of the mission which he had taken on himself to perform. He hoped to mobilize defeatist opinion in Britain to discuss and ultimately to demand negotiations for peace. He was confident, as Ribbentrop had been confident before him, that such opinion could be found and was strong in this country. He believed that a start could be made among our younger and more sporting dukes.

Since there is no evidence that he has lost his nerve as an individual, we are bound to assume that he came here on a mission which was approved at least by an important section of his followers and possibly by the Leader. But he will not realize his hope of being able to return whence he came



The First People Who Saw Rudolf Hess on Scottish Soil

Here is David McLean, the Scottish ploughman who, pitchfork in hand, arrested Rudolf Hess when he landed by parachute only twelve miles from the Duke of Hamilton's home for which he was aiming. Mrs. McLean, David McLean's mother, was the first person with whom Hess really conversed. Both the McLeans broadcast their impressions that same evening



Bassano

And here is Mr. Ivone Kirkpatrick who identified Hess and accompanied him to the military hospital to which the German refugee was taken from Glasgow. Mr. Kirkpatrick was First Secretary at the British Embassy in Berlin for five years. He was made Director of the Foreign Division of the Ministry of Information in 1940, and in February of this year became adviser on foreign policy to the B.B.C.



"I Heartily Congratulate the Home Guard"

The King issued a Special Army Order to the Home Guard on the occasion of their first birthday last week, congratulating them on their progress and thanking them for their service. He also watched the Home Guard detachment from the 1st County of London (Westminster) Battalion taking over the King's Guard at Buckingham Palace from the Scots Guards, and then inspected the detachment. With the King were Lieutenant-General Thomas Eastwood, Director-General, Home Guard, and Lieutenant-General Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, G.O.C. London District



Speakers on Democracy

The American Ambassador and Mrs. Winant (right) were the guests of honour at an important English-Speaking Union luncheon last week, and Mr. Winant made a fine speech urging "men and women of goodwill everywhere" to act together today "so that we may have less to do and sacrifice tomorrow." He was followed by Mr. Anthony Eden who was the other chief speaker. With the Foreign Secretary and the Winants here is Lady Willingdon, whose husband presided at the luncheon

Hess and the Astrologers

In their laboured endeavours to explain away the flight of Hess, Hitler's propagandists were stating that the Deputy Leader had lately been consulting astrologers. In fairness to some of those whose writings have been widely read in books and newspapers over here during the past few years, it should be noted that the very day on which Hess flew to Britain had been named as a date of peculiarly evil omen for Hitler. Indeed, this summer upon which we now are entering is said to have been indicated by the stars as a period of commencing collapse for the Nazi Party.

Looking round Europe it is hard to escape the conclusion that it is not in Germany alone where Fascist totalitarian rule by gangster groups over the masses is on the wane. All the dependable news from Spain paints the power of the Falange as breaking down rapidly and giving way to a period in which the disciplined military are taking a greater share of responsibility for directing national policy and affairs. In Italy it is easy to imagine that Mussolini's regime, though much longer established than any of its political satellites, would by now have been overthrown but for the intervention of Hitler's Gestapo and armies.

Stalin's Greater Powers

As the war proceeds we shall from time to time be led into speculation on the course of Russian policy and the actual significance of Stalin's decision to take over the Premiership. It will always be worth while to remember that Stalin, while he has made use from time to time of the Comintern, is a Russian nationalist rather than an advocate of the world revolution. He has set himself for many years now the task of seeking to build up the Communist state inside Russia, to improve the strategic situation of her frontiers, and to take such precautions as lie in his power to ensure that no Soviet territories shall be wrested away by another Power.

It is Stalin's hope that by making the

country appear sufficiently formidable he will effectively deter Germany from undertaking the direct attack to the east. His spokesmen abroad insist that he wants closer relations with the British Empire because he believes that, at the present time, such relations would serve Russia's defensive interests.

But—here is a curious feature—Stalin's pride, we are told, requires some better approach and treatment by Britain than has hitherto been accorded to Moscow. And the test, it is added, remains British recognition of the fact that the Baltic States—Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania—are now an integral part of the U.S.S.R.

This is not the place to enter into lengthy discussion of the rights and wrongs of these policies and claims. The simple fact remains that Moscow and London mutually remain unable to trust one another and to take a chance on a quick decision to do so. Russian policy is frankly opportunistic. But so to a great extent must be that of Britain, or indeed any other country in time of war. To some people it must seem that Britain could have little to lose from taking a chance, and so ensuring that the ninety German divisions on the Soviet frontier are not released from there for service against us in some new and possibly embarrassing theatre of operations.

Wings Over the Atlantic

IN a London hotel not many evenings ago I found myself talking to a young British pilot in plain clothes who had just got back from America. I asked him how he had come and he said "By air," afterwards explaining that he had brought over one of the famous American Flying Fortresses. He was warm in his praise of the aircraft, although I gathered that, to his way of thinking, the term "fortress" was something of an exaggeration. They had made the entire journey at a great altitude in perfect peace and comfort. He was only one of many British pilots similarly engaged.

That, of course, is only one aspect of the

close collaboration between Britain and the United States. German attempts to use the French African Empire as an imports supply pool for the Reich have not fooled Washington.

American technical observers may soon be turning up in rather considerable numbers in French North Africa. That they should be allowed to do so is, I believe, part of America's conditions for allowing certain shipments of food and other necessities to that area. We shall probably hear that this was one of the subjects discussed between Admiral Leahy, the American Ambassador, and Marshal Pétain in Vichy last week.

Sweeping the Mediterranean

ADMIRAL SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM must have been happy to be able to take his whole fleet on a combined sweep of the Mediterranean last week. For some months now Sir Andrew has been operating under the disability that very many, various, and rapidly succeeding demands have been made upon him. But with the Battle for the Balkans concluded he should be able to concentrate on the more specific problems in which the collaboration of the Mediterranean fleet will play a vital part. One of these will probably be created by German efforts to exploit the situation in Iraq and Syria.

Last week it was reported that Turkey, because she remains in diplomatic relations with Germany, was unable to check the steady flow of German "tourists" through the country, travelling by the Taurus Express towards Mosul and Baghdad. But if serious operations are contemplated, as they undoubtedly are, neither airborne troops nor tourists would provide a sufficient striking force, one imagines, to overcome the Imperial armies north and east of the Suez Canal.

An attempt would have to be made to carry an expedition by sea from Greece and her islands. That, presumably, is where Sir Andrew Cunningham and his ships would have something to say.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

A Letter from Hollywood

I AM in the middle of what, in vulgar parlance, is known as a "dust-up." My opponent is that popular film star and one-time stage actor, Brian Aherne. Mr. Aherne is apparently nettled because in a recent article in *THE TATLER* I said that the dominant note of his stage and screen personality was a certain woodenness which prevented him, in my eyes, from successfully assuming the role of romantic hero.

I am prepared to justify this up to the hilt. There have been other actors who, playing against their personality, have failed where, playing with it, they might have succeeded. The late Norman Forbes as a juvenile lead was an atrocious actor. In later life either he came to see the folly of his ways, or the managers saw it for him. Discarding vanity he became one of the best actors of old men's parts that I have ever seen, and his *Aguecheek* was a masterpiece. In my view there is a great future before Aherne along stolid lines, and in my article I pointed out that he is obviously the next in succession to that brilliant player, Nigel Bruce, who, with the acute perception of the Scot, realised from the beginning that Nature had cast him in the mould of the obtuse. And there, as far as I am concerned, the quarrel must rest.

OF more general interest is the main body of Mr. Aherne's letter.

"Screen circumstances are entirely different from those which obtain in the theatre. In the latter, despite the dominance which the director temporarily obtained in the 'twenties and early 'thirties, the actor still is king, and within reasonable limits may fairly take responsibility for his performance: the movies on the other hand are entirely a director's medium.

"The great general public only sees the actors and only hears about the actors: millions of dollars' worth of publicity is poured out daily to ensure that this shall be so, and all over the world the stars are believed, even by intelligent men like yourself, to be the arbiters of their fates, the choosers of their parts and architects of their own performances. Actually they are none of these things, as a few hours spent on a studio set would soon show you.

"In pictures like *Hired Wife* the actors rarely see more than a two-page synopsis before shooting begins, the script coming out a few pages at a time the evening before it is to be shot, and often being actually written on the set. The director is the only man who has any clear idea of what is happening. He stands his players on their chalk marks, tells them where to look, what to say and how to say it. He photographs them from such angles and in such lights as he wishes. His cutter, under his direction, then takes the film and literally cuts

the actor's 'performance' to pieces, placing such bits of it on the screen at such moments as he sees fit. It is possible to cut an actor off the screen at every important moment, to present him advantageously or disastrously, in exact obedience to the director's wishes. Indeed when at least four people, the director, cameraman, sound man and cutter, not to mention the writers, have it in their power to render an actor invisible or inaudible at any moment, it cannot be said that the actor gives a performance at all! I could make a film of you reciting Verlaine, for instance, in which you would not recognise yourself or comprehend a word that you had said, but when I exhibited that film it would be your performance that the critics of the world would tear to pieces and not one of them would blame me or even probably mention me."

THE answer to that is that I believe Mr. Aherne's facts but not his deductions. After all, a cutter cannot do more than cut. He may mess up an actor's performance by removing the best bits, deprive him of his climaxes and so forth, but he cannot alter what is left. He cannot, by juxtaposition, standing the shot on its head, or any other invention of malice, deprive the actor of his quality, or give quality to an actor who does not possess it. There is no cutter living who could prevent me from spotting at a glance the emotional quality of Bette Davis, the contrivance of Ginger Rogers and the sincerity of Margaret Sullavan. Nor could any scissors, however malevolently wielded, conceal from me the humanity of Spencer Tracy, the toughness of James Cagney or the vitality of Mickey Rooney. I will go further, and announce that if a cutter can hide these things from me I shall still not be deceived. I shall know that the actor's performance has been ruined, deliberately and of malice aforethought.

FOR years I have been asking for films about something other than this old man-and-woman business. Last week the *Empire* obliged with a vengeance. *Boom Town* is all about the sinking of oil wells, and whatever company made it is said to have sunk a million dollars in the production. My interest in this dull business was sunk in the first five minutes, and was not to be revived by some glamorous nonsense in which Claudette Colbert and Hedy Lamarr took turns at the tiller of Clark Gable's heart with Spencer Tracy in the bows righting that rude vessel by sheer force of balance, muscularity and good intuitions.

The film has one admirable sequence. This is an office fight between Gable and Tracy. Here, as Hazlitt says, "there was little cautious sparring, no half-hits, no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-maitreship* of the art. They were almost all knock-down blows. The fight was a good stand-up fight. To see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies, and then to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other 'like two clouds over the Caspian'—this is the high and heroic state of man."

The fight certainly showed Gable and Tracy at their highest and most heroic, and it very nearly, but not quite, redeemed the film. It was responsible for one moment of comedy which sent me away rejoicing. While the fight was at its height a visitor, coming into the outer office and seeing the secretary applying an appalled ear to the keyhole, said, "Are they in conference?"



No Man Looks a Hero in His Underwear . . .

. . . Not, anyway, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable here, although they are two of the most popular heroes in Hollywood. This is a scene from "*Boom Town*" now at the *Empire*, in which Claudette Colbert and Hedy Lamarr complete the quartet of stars. Mr. Agate comments on the film above



When the circus comes to Canastota it revolutionises two young lives, and when it leaves, a country boy called Chad Hanna (Henry Fonda) and "a love-starved waif" called Caroline (Linda Darnell) go with it. They fall in love and get married



Oscar the lion gets ill and even a bottle of curative water does no good, and Oscar dies. Looking sadly at the corpse are Caroline (Linda Darnell), Mr. and Mrs. Huguenine (Guy Kibbee and Jane Darwell) and Chad (Henry Fonda)

Circus Story

"Chad Hanna"
at the Odeon

Walter D. Edmonds, author of *Drums Along the Mohawk*, wrote the best-seller of circus life called *Chad Hanna*. Darryl F. Zanuck has now made it into a technicolour film with Henry Fonda in the name part and Dorothy Lamour and Linda Darnell as the two girls in the story. Henry King directed. At the Odeon since Monday



Fat woman of the circus is played by Jane Darwell. She is a grand actress who will be remembered as Ma Joad in "The Grapes of Wrath"



The beautiful bare-back rider of "Huguenine's One and Only International Circus" is Dorothy Lamour, more familiar to film-goers as a saronged South Seas siren. She was the lure that brought Chad Hanna into circus life, but she has a noble heart and doesn't break up his happy marriage

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Shepherd's Pie" (Prince's)

THIS (which you had probably seen, but I hadn't) is a very Booms-a-Daisy show, being in the big, broad, rackets spirit of the moment, and the company reflecting the fortunes of war, inasmuch as it appears to consist of people who fall down and people who don't fall down. Among the people who fall down are Bobby Howes, who has not very far to go, and Richard Hearne, who expertly prostrates himself at regular intervals in the make-up of an old man, which make-up, for an acrobat, is a stroke of genius. How, when I was a child, I would have envied Mr. Hearne! for when I was asked what I wanted to be when I grew up, I used to reply that I wanted to be a man who could fall downstairs without hurting himself. And if Mr. Hearne can't do that, then, in the words of Uncle Remus, Joe's dead and Sal's a widder. I did not count how many times Mr. Hearne fell down in *Shepherd's Pie*, but I am sure that he fell down more often than I would have gone on counting if I had started, and he does it so nimbly and so variously that every time he falls for us, we fall for him. But best of all his contributions is his dancing (not falling down once) of the lancers, with imaginary partner. The rapturous reception accorded to this turn is one of the most surprising features

of the entertainment, not because Mr. Hearne's dancing of the lancers does not deserve a rapturous reception, which it does, but because I shouldn't have thought half the audience had ever seen the lancers, which went out about 1910, danced. Can it, like *Shepherd's Pie*, have come back again?

OF the members of the company who do not fall down, by far the most conspicuous is Miss Vera Pearce, than whom it might be said nobody ever fell down less. True, I have often seen actresses like Marie Tempest and Lilian Braithwaite get through a whole evening of comedy without falling down once, but, however high their standard, I am doubtful whether they would have succeeded in doing so had they been subjected to the violent assaults made on Miss Pearce every time she takes the stage. The other comedians charge into her and buffet her and bump her and butt her, only to ricochet like rocks flung vainly against boulders. Stonehenge is not



"Ballet Fantastique"—
Richard Hearne

in it with Miss Pearce, who is a godsend to any comic in quest of a laugh.

PASSING over such boy-and-girl numbers as "Sing, My Heart"—passing again over "The Songs of Haydn Wood," sung by six solemnities, dull and genteel, in a parlour set—and passing even more rapidly over "Our Heritage," with Queen Elizabeth and Drake and the sea and all that—it is pleasant to hear the whistling of Mr. Howes, who is in better form than I have seen him for some time, but who, I still maintain, is essentially a pathedian (new word) of the James Welch order. To look at, you wouldn't think he was just the man to replace Sydney Howard, who was one of the original *Shepherd's Pie-men*, but he teams up with the others as though he had been with them from the start. Mr. Arthur Riscoe, too, although he is not my cup of tea, or perhaps I should say my mug of beer, delivers an excellent oration in pantomime as a political candidate. When Miss Pearce, Mr. Riscoe, Mr. Howes and Mr. Hearne all get going together, as they do in a sketch on evacuees, laughter is almost as certain as when the old Crazy Gang got going at the Palladium.

AND so, as turn succeeds turn, the barging into Miss Pearce, the falling down, the getting up, the nursing of the affected part, and the roars in front go on. Physical humours, with verbal assistance from Mr. Douglas Furber, are the order of the day. Frankly, I was so exhausted at the finish that I nearly fell down myself going out. And might have, had I thought that any one would laugh.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



"Evacuees"—Arthur Riscoe
and Bobby Howes



"Guest Artist"—
Vera Pearce



Roye

Dorothy Hyson

Here is a charming new portrait of Dorothy Hyson, the accomplished and attractive actress daughter of Dorothy Dickson. She played the part of daughter to David Horne in *Under One Roof*, which has just finished its run at St. Martin's Theatre. This comedy was written by actor Kim Peacock, who is now a Sub-Lieutenant in the Navy. Dorothy Hyson's husband, Robert Douglas, is another actor who has joined the Senior Service

Serial Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

IT was terribly sad to hear of the death of Lord Sempill's younger daughter, Miss June Forbes-Sempill, after the last big raid. She was waiting to go on W.V.S. duty when she was killed. Her engagement to Pilot Officer Philip Thornton had only been announced a few weeks earlier, and a picture of her appeared in connection with this in last week's TATLER. She was nineteen this year.

Another casualty of that raid was Lord Suffolk, whose war work as a scientist was connected with bomb-disposal. He married Miss Mimi Crawford, the actress, seven years ago, and is succeeded by the eldest of their three sons, who is just six, and becomes the twenty-first Earl of Suffolk and fourteenth Earl of Berkshire.

Women Doing Things

THE South London Hospital for Women is the largest in the world entirely worked by women—surgeons and everything, not a man among them. It is a young

hospital, with a young chairwoman: Mrs. Murray, who is a twin sister of the present Lord Cowdray.

Since the war it has become a casualty hospital, and a special Act of Parliament had to be passed to allow male casualties to be admitted. On blitz occasions the nurses work in twenty-four-hour stretches, and all the shining, modern, beautifully equipped operating theatres are in use at the same time. Everything in these is labelled, and the charming matron, who showed me round, explained that this was a Government order in case of the evacuation of London. The essentials have red labels, which ensure priority.

Blankets

BEDS waiting for casualties have things like the tunnels of toy railways over them. These are electrically heated and are for shock-sufferers, who, it seems, are terribly difficult to warm. Which brings up the blanket question: having been thus electrically warmed, many more than a normal quantity of blankets are needed to keep them so, so that blankets are one of the hospital's most urgent needs at the moment. Anyone with any at all to spare would be doing a great service by sending them to the Matron, South London Hospital for Women.

Victims of last Saturday's raid, and of the Saturday and Wednesday before, were wonderfully cheerful and full of jokes in spite of the horrible things that had happened to them.

An amusing and active member of the board of management is Miss Stoney, the barrister, who also breeds Cocker spaniels.

Dreary Conversation

SEEKING to return by bus from the hospital, which overlooks Clapham Common, to the elusive West End, I had some particularly unproductive back-chat with a local little man who was the only other person at the bus stop. He was not, it seemed, requiring a bus himself; simply watching me wait. After ages I said, "Do any buses use this stop?" "Ordinary times. But since the bombing they go all different ways." "What different ways?" "Couldn't say. They used to pass the Plough." "Do they still?" "They might." "And they might pass here?" "Some." Pause. "You might take a tram to the Plough." "But the tramlines are bombed." "That's right." Several quite useless buses galloped by, which the little man said were quite off their usual beat. He said, "I wouldn't waste any more time here if I was you." "Where would you waste it?" "I'd go up to the Plough." "But I don't know the Plough."

And so on. I seemed to have known him all my life by the time a feasible bus actually appeared.

About Piccadilly

PEOPLE continue to get up and down this thoroughfare, although it has become a sort of obstacle race. Mr. Hugh Williams, the actor, in khaki, was one in "the vicinity." Mr. Robert Helpmann, too—the Sadler's Wells Ballet is back from its tour, and started again on Monday at the New Theatre, which is nice. And Lady Andrew Cavendish was also to be seen; she is small and fair and lovely to look at, and was quite recently Miss Deborah Mitford.

Mrs. Hugh Motion, up from Salisbury Plain, where her husband is stationed, looked very smart in a black dress and black and white check jacket.

Cocktail Cabaret

LORD DONEGALL'S Redhead Spitfire Fund is clawing its way up to the £5000 mark by means of this function and that, including a Cocktail Cabaret Pay Party at the May Fair, at which Jack Jackson's band played and Inga Andersen sang.



A Wedding in London

Captain James Jardine-Hunter-Paterson, K.O.S.B., of Brocklehurst, Collin, Dumfries-shire, and Miss Nancy Harwood-Banner, younger daughter of Major Sir Harwood Harwood-Banner, Bt., and Lady Harwood-Banner, of Boughrood Castle, Radnor-shire, and 1, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and are honeymooning in Scotland and Wales. He is the younger son of Captain and Mrs. Hunter-Arundell, of Barjarg Tower, Dumfries-shire



Three of the Wedding Guests

Captain H. Rose, Coldstream Guards, Miss Ann Mackenzie and Miss Diana Tyrwhitt-Drake were at Miss Nancy Harwood-Banner's wedding to Captain Jardine-Hunter-Paterson, were photographed at the reception at the Ritz

Mrs. Charles Sweeny was there, looking lovely in black; Lady Seafeld and Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert—he is now in the R.A.F. Mr. Terence Weldon brought his fiancée, Miss Sue Hopkinson; Brian Colquhoun was there; Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash and many others. Inga Andersen wore slinky black velvet with red sequin shoulders, and, among other things put across with her usual zing, sang "Hitler's Secret Weapon." (Pictures are on p. 276.)

Essex Village

FINCHINGFIELD is a stage village that has everything theatrical. John Gielgud rests from *Dear Brutus* among the hay



Young Marrieds

Squadron-Leader the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Ward had been lunching at a London restaurant with his brother, the Earl of Dudley, and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell. Mrs. Ward was Miss Pauline Winn before her marriage, is the daughter of the Hon. Charles Winn and the Hon. Lady Baillie

wains, and has a pink-washed, thatched old-world cottage. Edith Evans and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies both add lustre to the usual ladies of the village. A. J. Symons (*Quest for Corbo*) has a lovely red-brick Georgian house above the duck-pond, and divides his time between writing a new life of Oscar Wilde (has ever a life been so much re-lived?) and listening to tunes on his unique collection of musical boxes.

Dodie Smith is another inhabitant of Finchingfield, and even before the war ordered that all the fields in front of her cottage should be ploughed and sown for harvest—which, it seems, inspired her with the windmill idea in one of her plays. She is now in Hollywood, and "Binky" Beaumont, of H. M. Tennent, Ltd., has sheltered his parents from the blitz in her cottage, on which she has spent most of the profits of *Autumn Crocus*. It has a converted barn, with central heating, parquet floor, tiny grand piano, the same colour as the new old world beams, and a very dainty pink and white bathroom.

Women's Hard Lot

WOMEN enjoy nothing so much as books, plays, films, poems and situations which stress the awfulness of their lot. Infinitely sensitive to the blows of fate, the helpless creatures are also Men's Playthings, and suffer their way through life with noble selfishness.

Or so it seems from films like *Kitty Foyle*, a throw-back to the good old *Way Down East* formula. (I remember being taken out in the middle of that as a child, I suppose at the moment when the poor little illegitimate baby was about to be sprung on the astonished audience.)

Anyway, darling Ginger Rogers has to transform herself into this awful Miss Foyle—and she does it as well as can be—and love and lose and suffer without a single smile that hasn't tears in it.

Do you remember the lovely line, "Who is the man who pays the woman who pays and pays and pays"?

Watching a Cabaret

MR. ALEXANDER KORDA'S son, and Miss Elizabeth Welch were two people (separately) watching the cabaret in one of those little clubs underground in which people seem to like nestling like rabbits in a hole.

The cabaret was two people called Adam Leslie and Eve Lynn, who do a nineteenth-century French photographer and his model, the latter a Mademoiselle Fifi, in laced stays and long drawers with ribbons in them. Then there is a surrealist number, and several others, which seemed to amuse assembled troops.

From all one hears, E.N.S.A. entertainment is very mixed—good things like the ballet are sent off to camps where there is no scenery, and barely a trestle-table for stage, and then there are ghastly companies chiefly made up of jugglers and

contortionists. It practically takes N.C.O.s with fixed bayonets to keep the boys in their seats for these.

Censors

SEVERAL censored authors are now censors, which should be quite fun for a change. One is Wilfred David, who wrote that brilliant book *Monsoon*, in which he found a very neat way of disposing of his hero, the rounding-off of whom without banality is always such a trial to sensitive authors.

This one he had assassinated by rebellious Indians in mistake for the local Governor when said hero was leaving (at 3 a.m.) the Bombay bedroom of the Governor's wife.

Famous "Bartimeus," and Hamish MacLaren, author of *High Cockalorum*, are naval censors under a distinguished director—Commander Christopher Rutherfordstone-Powell, who also writes.

Parsing in the Wardroom

I HAVE just had a letter from someone in the Navy called William Richmond. Apparently he can't make head or tail of what I write, and ticks me off pretty sternly about grammar.

It is rather thrilling to think of the boys in blue abandoning their pink gins and compasses to pore over this stuff, and in future I shan't be able to hear a seagull or see a naval crown without smugly picturing the new wardroom pastime of ripping my infinitives wide open, and pouncing with loud, sneering cries upon a participle out of place.

A CORRECTION.

In our issue of May 7th we published a photograph of Mrs. Herbert Geddes and stated that before her marriage she was Miss Constance Barker, niece of Sir Herbert Barker. She was, in fact, Miss Constance Baker, and is a niece of Sir Herbert Baker, the architect. We regret our mistake.



Dennis Moss, Cirencester

The Hon. William and Mrs. Vestey and Their Son and Heir

Samuel George Armstrong Vestey is the two-months-old son of Sec.-Lieut. the Hon. William and Mrs. Vestey, and he was christened ten days ago. His father, who is in the Scots Guards, is the son of Lord and Lady Vestey. His mother was Miss Helen Pamela Armstrong before her 1939 wedding. The present Lord Vestey succeeded his brother as second baron last December

A May Fair Cocktail-Party To Help the Redhead Spitfire Party



Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, formerly in the Grenadier Guards, now in the R.A.F., came with his wife, the Countess of Seafeld. She has lovely red hair and is very musical



Mr. Anthony Gillson and Mrs. David Phillips had a chat together. The marriage of her sister, Miss Margot Irene Duke, to Viscount Erleigh will take place in the country on June 7



The Marquess of Donegall, 37-year-old Irish-Canadian journalist, organised this novel Spitfire Fund. Mrs. Charles Sweeny, although not herself a "redhead," is always ready to support a war charity. Lord Donegall owns Isle Magee, in Co. Antrim, and Chichester House, Westminster Gardens



Mrs. Cowan Dobson came with her artist-husband. He is exhibiting a portrait of Sir William Coxson, Bt., at the Royal Academy. They are beautiful dancers and were enjoying Jack Jackson's band to the full

Redhead No. 1 is Miss Paddy Naismith, who was the first British air-line hostess, has a pilot's licence, once acted as navigator in the King's Cup race, and is also a noted racing motorist



Photographs
by Swaebe



Mrs. B. A. Philipson, Viscountess Scarsdale and Mr. Colin Kinghorn watched the cabaret turn given by Canadian Inga Andersen, who sang many of her most popular and sophisticated numbers



Major Widdowson, Lady Newborough, her husband and Mrs. Stewart Browne were among the guests. Lord Newborough and his wife, who hailed from Yugoslavia, were married two years ago



Speaight

The Countess of Inchcape

And Her Soldier Husband

The Countess of Inchcape, who was married in February, is the only daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Pease, of Richmond, Yorks. Her first husband, Pilot-Officer Patrick Hannay, was killed on active service only a few weeks after their wedding. Lord Inchcape is twenty-three years old; a Second-Lieutenant in the 12th Royal Lancers, and served with the B.E.F. in France. He succeeded to the title in 1939, and inherited Glenapp Castle, Ayrshire, and the large fortune made by his grandfather, the shipping magnate who was chairman of the B.I.S.N. and P. and O. lines. Mr. F. J. Leathers, the newly appointed Minister of Shipping and Transport, was closely associated with the late Lord Inchcape, in whose group of companies he began his career in the shipping world when a very young man



Second-Lieutenant the Earl of Inchcape

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

KNOWING very little of, but highly esteeming the Finns, at once a mystical and practical people who possess the greatest living musician and gave Tsar Stalin's hordes such a beautiful banging recently, we take a mildly benevolent view, on the whole, of that international walking-race to which the Finns challenged the Swedes the other day, a million or so a side.

This exercise must bring back sunshiny memories to citizens who remember the immense vogue of walking-races in the late Edwardian and early George V. era; the grimfaced stockbrokers in vests and shorts gripping corks and straining on the leash on Westminster Bridge at an intempestive hour (for stockbrokers), and, some hours later, staggering into Brighton, their spiritual home, spent and broken, like a lot of haggard Messengers out of Greek Tragedy.

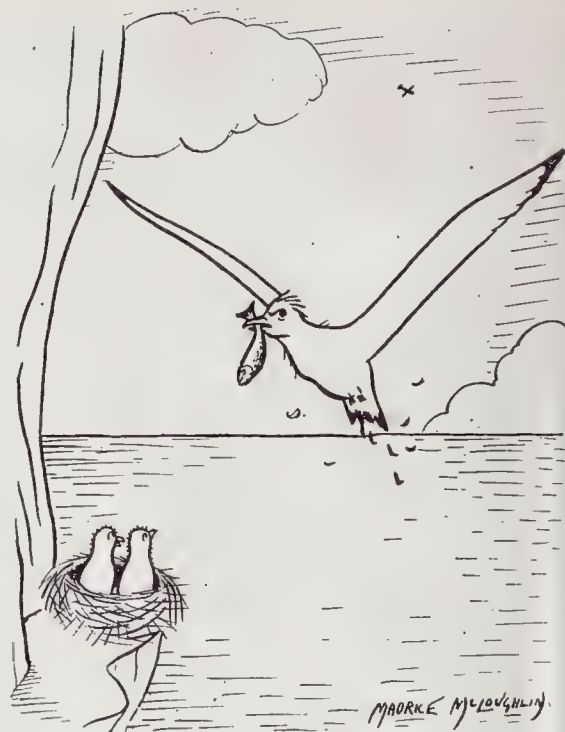
Though they rarely burst into verse on arrival at the Royal Albion—unlike the average Messenger, who was never too sewn up to reel off a few hundred fluent and impeccable hexameters of news-bulletin—their muscles and athletic beauty were the admiration of all, and dogs and women adored them. What practical purpose their agony served we can even now never discover, except that after every London-Brighton walk the trickle of good-stories—going-round-the-Stock-Exchange swelled into a triumphant Niagara. So it must have kept them fit.

What business men kept fit for was an unsolved peacetime enigma, like their perpetual hustling to save time. Time for what? Somerset Maugham once made a shrewd shot at the answer to this one, and we often wish we could print it.

Drive

SOME of Whitehall's publicity boys, each running or "grooming" a different star, are trying desperately, we hear, to think up new "angles" for their less exciting material.

Being photographed in the act of kissing blitzed babies or shaking hands with munition girls or smilingly accepting a synthetic-cheese sandwich from little Aggie Wheeble (eight), and partaking of it with evident enjoyment, has undoubtedly increased the fan-mail of more than one aspirant to high places, but it has been done too often and apathy has seized the populace. Given a fine summer something might be done with making one or two of the boys strip manfully to the waist, like the Duce, and photographing them in the act of brandishing a hayfork in sixteen positions, but unfortunately most of the Ministerial and sub-Ministerial torsos concerned are even less attractive than the Duce's, and artificial hair is scarce. Fake photography and "dubbing" might



"Father looks as if he's been machine-gunned again"

overcome this, but the publicity experts are not sanguine.

Another idea they are toying with is to push little actresses in the water and make the Minister dive in and save them spectacularly, but this needs a lot of planning.

One tried and obvious way of piercing the great pulpy heart of the Race to its core is, of course, to employ the collaboration of our dumb chums; but in one or two such groupings (one of these experts was telling us) confusion might arise and the public might get the idea that Airedales were running certain Government departments. As not a few of the public have had the idea for some time past, we can't see that it matters.

Neurosis

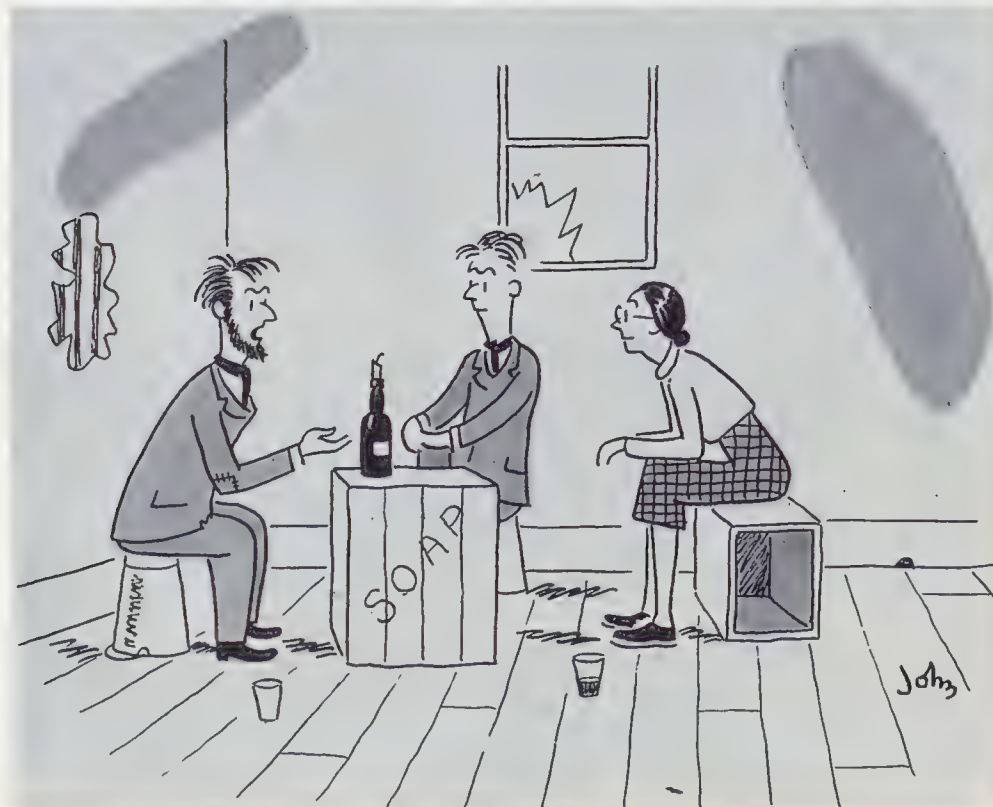
DISCUSSING the present situation in Syria, its intrigues and perplexities, an authority seemed to imply that the ancient Assyrians never worked themselves up to any excitable extent over policy, internal or external; which is surely absurd when one remembers the poem:

There once was a little Assyrian satrap
Who never could close his dainty rat-trap,
Which threw the inhabitants of Assyria
Into frantic, prolonged, and ignoble deliria.
(There is no extra charge for this service.)

Problem

THE First Girl Total Conscientious Objector having received due publicity, another little embarrassment for the Government seems looming on the horizon.

How much British conscientious objection to this war is moral courage—wrongheaded and futile and ignorant, perhaps, but still courage—and how much is pure exhibitionism of a wellknown kind we leave to less skilful hands to determine; also the exact degree of force morally permissible to the authorities in the handling of the same. Now that dainty sweethearts of twenty-one are barging into and further complicating the situation it looks like becoming extremely tiresome in cases of girlish rebellion, though, to be sure, there is nothing tiresome about women which



"Now that we've replanned Britain, let's do the U.S.A."

War Artists

At the Ministry of Information's
Reception at the National Gallery



Mr. Feliks Topolski, the Polish artist, talked to Mr. Robert Fraser, of the Ministry of Information. He has contributed war drawings to the National Gallery exhibition and also works regularly for the "Sketch." He was wounded in the last big air raid



Mr. John Piper paints damaged churches and buildings in colours as rich as stained glass; Mr. Paul Nash paints crashed aeroplanes (see page 283); Mr. Edmond Kapp draws shelter scenes



Mr. Graham Sutherland is both abstract and passionate in his treatment of air-raid damage; Mr. John Armstrong has his own way of welding the fantasy and reality of ruined houses and 'planes into works of art



Left: Mr. Cecil Beaton, carrying a good few of his worldly possessions in a large net bag hung from his shoulder, talked to Mr. T. W. Barrett and Sir Kenneth Clark

Right: Lady Clark and Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton were looking at Graham Sutherland's "Twisted Girders" (see p. 283). Lady Clark is Sir Kenneth Clark's wife, and Mrs. Hamilton is a vice-chairman of the W.V.S., engaged mainly on research work. She is a former Governor of the B.B.C., and earlier in the war worked at the Ministry of Information



Shipbuilding on the Clyde is the subject of a series of frieze-like paintings by Mr. Stanley Spencer, here standing in front of the first section of it—"Welders at Work." The new section, "Burners," is reproduced on p. 283. The whole work will be something over 80 ft. in length. Notable is the angle from which Mr. Spencer has looked at his subject: the extreme foreshortening gives an extraordinary intensity, and vividly conveys the impression of grotesque yet controlled violence of which any layman visiting a big engineering works is conscious



Mr. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner for Canada, was at the M. of I. reception when the war paintings chosen for exhibition in Canada were on view. Here he is with Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery, chairman of the Advisory Committee which chooses war artists and pictures, and Controller of Planning at the Ministry of Information. Sir Kenneth Clark is the nearest thing we have had so far to a Minister of Arts



Standing By ...

(Continued)

the old-fashioned hairbrush cannot cure in about six hearty smacks; or so a chap once told us who knew all about women, as was indeed evident from his hunted expression. Maybe the Government should appoint an Official Hairbrush-Wielder, avuncular but just, for this healing work, which is in many cases years overdue.

Failing this, we see nothing for it but a very terrible fate for fractious or rebel sweethearts with consciences, indeed, namely, being handed over to their own sex. Shrinking from cruelty as we do, we leave you this macabre conclusion in all its native hideousness and pass on with a sigh of relief.

Tabu

CLASHING her wiry old ringlets in a kind of palsied glee at her own audacity, Auntie Times has printed a little poem containing the line, "I really loathe the bloody Hun," and all Fleet Street stands aghast.

The delicacy of the Press boys, our comrades and soul-mates, is too well known to need any tribute of ours. That list of Puritan newspaper euphemisms for plain English which the ruthless Mencken prints at the end of his master-work, *The American Language*, is equally sacred to Fleet Street. One or two of the coyer ones may have been dropped of late, such as "a certain condition," but the tabus are still extensive, and cover practically every key-word used by Mayfair debutantes in cocktail-bars to-day. Even that fine old five-letter Scriptural word Dr. Johnson applied to Lord

Chesterfield's literary morals is still totally banned; you either have to use Austin Dobson's pink-eared substitute "courtezan" or you can't quote the roaring Doctor at all. "Bloody" ("—", or "the Shavian adjective") is one of the hardest-worked words in current speech and in constant use by duchesses and dustmen alike, but to find Auntie Times boldly spelling it in full is a shock.

A Harley Street psychopath once told us the austere elderly maiden ladies may sometimes quite suddenly perform very surprising and disconcerting tricks indeed. Don't say we didn't warn you if Auntie is seen dancing down Fleet Street ere long in her red flannel undies, bawling little French songs.

Dish

DESCRIBING the Bulgarians as the traitors of the Balkans, with a fifty-year reputation for dirty work, the Greek Minister in London spoke conservatively, one felt. He might have gone back much further.

From SS. Cyril and Methodius, who had the knotty task of converting the Bulgar race in the ninth century, soon after they had overrun the original Slavs, and our old Byzantine friend Basil II., Bulgaroktonos, the Bulgarslayer, down to M. Simopoulos, people have been constantly eyeing the Bulgars without admiration, bonny fighters though they can be. Slipping in behind the backs of their German overlords and manhandling the Greeks, as they are doing now, is a characteristic trick, traceable maybe to their Hun-Tartar origins. One would have imagined their addiction to the innocent sour-milk confection called yoghourt, which is rich in proteids and does not heat the passions, would have weaned the Bulgars long since from double-crossing and massacre to a sinless life. Can

it be that the basic vegetarian dogma has a flaw in it?

With the most celebrated living vegetarian laying waste half the civilised world with fire and sword at this very moment, one feels a certain nervous delicacy in raising this point, does one not? Tell Cook to wash out that nut-steak and send up a few nice raw bloody bones.

Warning

BROODING over some monstrously com- placent variations by a minor Government figure on the theme of Germany's steadily declining stocks of something intensely vital or other, we wondered if any of these boys have ever heard of the most ironical book of the war.

It is the last publication of the French Book Club and came out in this country on the eve, practically, of the French collapse. Entitled *La France en Guerre*, by MM. Gignoux, Rivière, Germain Bazin, and Champigneulle, it describes the vast efficient splendour of the French Military Machine, the impregnable wonders of the Maginot Line, and the invincible determination of the French to fight with us to victory, once and for all. And even as these four experts were correcting their proofs, doubtless, a chill breeze was blowing round the trousers of the French High Command, the enormous fabric was cracking.

Reflection

AT Imperial Roman triumphs a slave crouched on the conqueror's chariot, murmuring into his ear at intervals "Remember—thou art mortal." A torch of flaming tow is carried before every new-crowned Pope, reminding him of the briefness of this mortal life and its illusions. Our feeling is that on every platform occupied by one of those rosy, cosy Whitehall boys, a hireling should be stationed to kick the speaker silently in the pants at regular intervals, holding before his eyes *La France en Guerre*.

Cry

ONLY three spies have been executed in Great Britain since the war began, complained one of the leaderwriter boys shrilly the other day. What about all that prompt secret information the enemy is undoubtedly getting? he asked. What about all those refugees? What is Intelligence doing?

Our information is that Intelligence, apart from cursing in a frightful manner, is doing its best to find and have shot that beautiful blonde spy with mysterious, magnetic eyes who, as we hinted some time ago, alone can soothe and satisfy public clamour. But beautiful blondes are rare, and few of them reach spy-standard, and of these very, very few have eyes with any expression whatever, and even the deft Press boys, who could turn a battered old district-visitor like Mata Hari into a kind of Undine of sinister beauty and magic, must have a certain minimum of actuality to work on. Hence it is unlikely anything front-page will happen in the Tower at present.

As for the refugees, there may well be spies among them, but when suspects are asked, they always say they aren't, a chap in Intelligence tells us peevishly.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"It's been coming through red ever since we came under Government control"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“You does a lot o’ book-readin’ and suchlike, Cecil—what page in ‘Mein Kampf’ are we on now?”



Christ Church, Newgate Street, January, 1941, by John Piper



*Shelter Scene—Bunks and Sleepers,
by Henry Moore*

Seven of the New War Pictures at the National Gallery

From an artistic point of view, the War Paintings at the National Gallery almost justify the war. Not for many generations can artists have been in closer touch with the general public, nor have been inspired by events with which every citizen is deeply concerned, to do such fine work. For the War Paintings are no mere record, competing with the photographer's skill. They are, most of them, works of art: their creators have felt strongly, and what they have expressed in their paintings has not only been the truth of their own emotions translated into paint and canvas, but a truth which the man in the street, as he wanders through the galleries, has been able to recognise as valid for himself. From the first, Paul Nash's work has been outstanding (his new picture, "Totes Meer," is even more moving than his earlier fantasies of wreckage). Crashed planes at once stimulated his imagination as powerfully as air raids have more recently affected such artists as Graham



Burnt-out Aeroplane, by John Armstrong



Gun Drill, by Duncan Grant



Totes Meer (Dead Sea), by Paul Nash

Sutherland, John Piper, Henry Moore (examples of whose work are reproduced here), James Miller, Ardizzone, Kapp, Bato. These, with Grant, Armstrong and Spencer, are only a few of the painters by whom new work is now on show at the National Gallery. Altogether 800 pictures by British War Artists have been exhibited there, all acquired on the recommendation of the small advisory committee appointed by the Ministry of Information—Sir Walter Russell, R.A., Sir Muirhead Bone and Mr. P. H. Jowett, R.W.S., under the chairmanship of Sir Kenneth Clark, the National Gallery's Director. Some of these pictures are now in exhibitions going round the country; others are on show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, while another exhibition has recently been prepared for Canada and is on view in Gallery XII. So great has been the popularity of this wartime efflorescence of art that arrangements are now under discussion for a series of books about it



Devastation, 1941—Twisted Girders, by Graham Sutherland

*Shipbuilding on
the Clyde—
Welders,
by Stanley Spencer*



(Photographs taken at the Ministry
of Information's opening reception
are on p. 279)

"Drunk as a Lord"

Robert Helpmann Dances His Brilliant

The Prospect Before Us, which was first produced at Sadler's Wells one of the most popular works ever put into the repertoire in the blackest days of last summer, it was a superb assertion of genius, of the company's director and choreographer, Ninette de Valois. And, not least, it gave the company's first dancer, Robert Helpmann, an opportunity for a masterpiece of clowning



Robert Helpmann is Mr. O'Reilly, Irish manager of the Pantheon Theatre in 1789. Trouble between him and his rival, manager of the King's Theatre, gives the ballet its theme, money, and sobriety, gives Helpmann his wonderful comic solo in the last scene. "The Prospect Before Us" is being given this week on Friday evening (at 7 p.m.) and Saturday afternoon

The Vic-Wells Ballet returned to London of this year, and will be at the New Theatre of the season is the premiere to-day week *Orpheus and Eurydice*, to Gluck's music. *Orpheus*, with Pamela May as Eurydice, dresses are by Sophie Fedorovitch. With a de Valois work dating back to 1931, recent provincial tour. The ballet season Vic-Wells opera season, and after that the since the war, to play *King John*, with

Comic Solo in "The Prospect Before Us"

Vells nearly a year ago, has been
oire. Coming as it did in the
f the vitality of the
well as the



Drink is a great consoler, especially to disreputable Irish theatre managers
of the eighteenth century. No dancer, and probably no actor, has ever been
more wittily "under the influence" than Helpmann when he does an
intoxicated, malicious burlesque of the pirouettes, arabesques, grands
jetés of the dancers who have deserted him for his managerial rival



Photographs
by Anthony

on Monday for their second West End season
Theatre for five weeks. The most important event
week (May 28th) of Ninette de Valois' new ballet,
music. In this, Helpmann has the chief part as
dice and Margot Fonteyn as Love. Decor and
in this two-act ballet is being given *Fête Polonoise*,
which has been revived during the company's
on at the New is being followed by a two-weeks'
the Old Vic returns to London for the first time
with Ernest Milton and Sybil Thorndike in it



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Human Surprises

FEW things are more disconcerting than when people, whom we believe we know very well indeed, suddenly do the most astonishing things. When they rise unexpectedly far beyond the average of their virtue, we say to ourselves that they must have more good in them than anybody anticipated. When they, with equal suddenness, commit deeds which their friends can only consider as mad, we are apt to judge the whole of their nature by that one spurt of lunacy. In either case we are unjust. For the best as well as the worst of us are a strange mixture, and if the good in us comes to the surface on occasion, so also does the bad. We should, therefore, really not be so surprised as invariably we are.

Whatever we do which is definite, bad or good, is the result of conscious, sometimes unconscious, dreaming. When people suddenly commit some depraved action, who can tell what inner struggle there has been before temptation got the better of resistance? We should really have to know all about them before we even began to condemn, and, knowing all about them, we should be more likely moved to pity. Invariably, other people's temptations are quite easy to avoid; or triumph over—like other people's worries. Moreover, you will usually find that those who are hardest in their condemnation are most likely to fall into like temptation, if it ever came their way—as it will, since fate usually attacks us at our weakest points, or maybe our weakest points create that kind of fate. Angry criticism, especially when it is applied to human conduct, is often the sign of a

furious self-defence. Or a repression which has not yet found an outlet. Briefly, fear. And, ye gods! we all have chinks in our armour! And one day, if we live long enough, these chinks will show; since it is my belief that morality, especially sexual morality, is closely interwoven with the physique. A bodily weakness, a nerve-strain, an approaching senility—and anything may happen, if it is there; especially if it has been threading its way through the silent passages of our secret dreamland. And the result may come as much of a surprise to the victim as to those who never believed it could have been possible.

Only to understand these aberrations, one must understand all the inner turmoil which led up to them, all the heredity which gave them birth, all the circumstances of life which increased their growth. Then the truth, whatever it may be, is apparent; sad, but never merely ugly. Otherwise, you are apt to call people fools, and judge them in a generalising sort of way; as if each human being were not also a case as well as a soul. And this lack of understanding takes the psychological interest away from Mary Panton, the heroine of Somerset Maugham's new long-short story, *Up at the Villa* (Heinemann; 6s.), and turns the tale from being one of lasting interest to being merely above the average—in a magazine sense, that is.

Just Drama

FOR, knowing Mary's life and inner character as little as we are bound to do when, so to speak, she is shot into a passing affair with a strange man, our reaction to her conduct is merely to condemn her as fool.



Dog for Sale

Clifford Ambler, whose studies of dogs are well known to "Tatler" readers, has presented the original of this pastel drawing (9 in. by 7 in.) to the bombed Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1, in order that it should be auctioned on behalf of the Hospital's funds. Readers should send bids direct to the Hospital.

True, she had assured Rowley, who had a bad reputation among women, but was in love with her, that if she ever gave herself to a lover, it would be to a lover who had had such a wretched deal from life that her favours would suddenly thrust him into heaven. A soft-hearted kind of pity rather than sheer passion. All the same, why she, quite without premeditation, gave herself completely to a young violinist, whom she had never seen before that evening, and would probably have found it difficult to recognise in the daylight, it is very hard to conceive.

Mary is drawn for us otherwise as a very intelligent woman, and beautiful. Moreover, she was considering the proposal of an old friend who wanted to marry her and

take her out to India, where he had been offered a high Governmental position. Apparently she was not a particularly passionate woman; at least, not the kind of woman for whom almost any presentable man will do, so long as he is a man. So her sudden desire to be loved for one night by this not very personable young musician, an utter stranger, who certainly was poor and unhappy—he was a refugee from Austria—made her decision look like the decision of a perfect fool; which is no way to regard any heroine. There may have been physical or mental causes which would lead up to such stupidity, but we are not told them. Even an unhappy marriage, dissolved by death, does not explain it. Had she known the young man as an acquaintance, of even so little as a week, it would have given her some excuse. But she was not in love with him, she was not attracted

(Concluded on page 288)



Sculptor A.R.A.

Maurice Lambert, R.R.B.S., was last month made an Associate of the Royal Academy, but has no exhibits in the Summer Exhibition. The piece of sculpture here is called "Mistral." Lambert is a brother of Constant Lambert, composer and conductor of the Vic-Wells Ballet



Epstein and His Latest Portrait

M. Maisky, the Russian Ambassador, has been sitting to Jacob Epstein, and the sculptor was photographed contemplating the inscrutable Oriental he has made of the Ambassador in the brilliant portrait just completed. Epstein's autobiography, "Let There Be Sculpture," was published by Michael Joseph last November



Our Home Guard Village Platoon Has Its Own Invasion Experience

By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

physically, and it seemed otherwise that she was far too intelligent to risk her reputation, possible marriage, and the likelihood of blackmail, merely for the sake of a young stranger's ten-minutes' sob-story.

Drama

HOWEVER, it all leads up to an intense drama, which, incidentally, should make a good film. The violinist shoots himself when Mary makes him realise that the joy she has given him is merely a kind of one-flash-in-a-pan. Dawn is breaking, and there is his body to dispose of. So she telephones Rowley for help, and together they carry the corpse into a distant plantation. They hope that, when discovered, the police will think merely that yet another Austrian refugee has found life too difficult to endure. The plan works well, and after a couple of tablets Mary passes quite a good night. Yet there still remains the problem of the morrow. Shall she confess all to the old friend who is returning hoping to marry her and carry her off to a high position in India? Or shall she keep her secret a secret between herself and Rowley? She decides on confession.

Well, he will marry her, but he will resign his Indian appointment, although it is the crowning triumph of his ambition. Mary cannot allow such sacrifice. She refuses to marry him. She will marry Rowley, who is a sinner, but who knows where the flesh can lead one. Personally, I don't think they will be very happy together: Rowley who has let down every woman he has professed to love; Mary, who apparently is so equally capable of letting herself down so thoughtlessly. But her foolishness—foolish, that is, for a woman of the intelligent type which the writer has drawn—has made good drama, if psychologically not very convincing. The story will pass away an hour with a certain amount of interest and much excitement, but, in my opinion, it is not among the best of Somerset Maugham's finer work.

Thoughts from "Up at the Villa"

"GIVE a plain woman a hat and a pretty one a book."

"Women have funny ideas about

marriage. It makes things easier all round if there's never any question of that. We all know where we are then."

"The better people think you are, the better you're liable to become."

Even Less Convincing

IF only Miss Norah C. James had not dallied in crime, but had confined herself to Sussex scenery, to her garden, to the people of the village and the loveliness of peaceful thoughts, how much better her new novel, *The Long Journey* (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), would have been. But, alas! in the very beginning she plunges us into a crime so incredible that it is difficult to associate it with the heroine, as we learn to know her later on in her country garden where she has become a kind of mother-confessor and friend to the whole village. What is more incredible, however, is the fact that she went to prison under an assumed name, and returned to a world which accepted her year's absence with a complete lack of curiosity.

However, if you want to enjoy this story—and there is so much in it which is enjoyable—forget about the beginning; ignore, if you can, the second problem which suddenly faces Veronica, out of which she escapes in the manner of a conjurer performing before the unobservant, and concentrate upon the rather charming love-story which runs through the book, and upon Miss James's delightful picture of that corner of Sussex about which she writes and knows so well, upon the garden which Veronica tends and loves so tenderly, upon the natural beauties which surround her, and upon the people of her village, all of whom are charmingly drawn. Then you will step into a very pleasant world indeed. And it is always nice to step into a pleasant world these days—when the world we step out of to do so affords too few lovely reasons for return. Indeed, I hope that Miss James will come back again to the same country in another story, and that she will forget to go all psychological, unless she can bring a more convincing psychological problem with her than Veronica presented.

This Story Really Keeps You Guessing

EXCEPT the rule which persuades us to suspect the very last person who might look suspiciously like the criminal,

I defy anyone who reads Peter Cheyney's new detective-story, *Another Little Drink* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), to discover before the end who murdered Freda Vanning, or who was passing on valuable information to Germany from the secret Government department which dealt with foreign propaganda. I felt sure, however, that it was not Nicky Bellamy. For so long he himself looked too like the guilty party to be the real culprit at the end. But there were any amount of other people on whom the reader's suspicion will fall; including several hard-baked women, all beautiful, who drank cocktails whenever there was an idle moment, and whose exhibition of lovely legs saved them the necessity of being especially charming or witty. And then there was March, who looked so guilty all the way through that I felt he must be innocent. Then there was Ferdie Mott, who kept a gambling den, and the murdered Mrs. Vanning, both of whom lived under a cloud and might be equally the traitor.

In fact, Mr. Cheyney keeps his secret admirably, though when the real criminal is unmasked one resents just a little the memory that no clue, however well disguised, was allowed to peep in, here and there, until the great scene of confession. So, as a detective yarn, this is a very good tale; puzzling, exciting and swift in its action. While the amount of drink consumed by the characters is amazing. And it all happens in wartime, though you may seldom realise it. But what does that matter?

Another Crime Story

THE murdered man in this case—which is Francis D. Grierson's new story, *The Ink Street Murder* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 7s. 6d.)—is a society paragraphist. Mr. Grierson's murder is particularly horrible. It makes a good beginning. The story is beautifully complicated later on, what with Scotland Yard and Fleet Street in competition to discover the perpetrator of the mysterious crime. It should provide a good day's sport for any lover of detective fiction. So much actually happens that most readers will fail to register astonishment that the telling of the tale is on the mild side—like the picture of a slaughter-house in full swing painted in water-colour.



A Royal Visit to Scotland

The Duchess of Gloucester paid a visit to her own part of the world, the Border Country, to inspect War Relief organisations run by the Red Cross and the W.V.S. She was received by the Provost of Hawick (right). The Hon. Mrs. Scott of Harden, W.V.S., and the Countess of Minto, in Red Cross uniform, are on the left. Amongst those at the back are the Earl of Minto, Lady Stratheden and Campbell, Lord William Scott and the Duke of Buccleuch, brothers of the Duchess of Gloucester, and Lady Sybil Middleton.



A Christening at Cambridge

The infant son of Squadron-Leader and Mrs. G. D. Venables was christened Michael Edward by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Noel Hudson at St. John's College Chapel. In the photograph taken after the ceremony are Miss Pamela Cory, Mrs. E. d'Albret le Motte, who stood proxy for Princess Marie Louise, the child's godmother, Captain C. Venables, T.D., Bishop Noel Hudson, D.S.O., M.C., Mrs. Venables, holding her son, who seems interested in the proceedings, Squadron-Leader G. D. Venables and Mr. J. Nemes-Crocker.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Shand—Palmer

Pilot-Officer Dennis Randolph Shand, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Major and Mrs. Randolph Shand, and Penelope Palmer were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the younger daughter of the late Sir Frederick Palmer, and Lady Palmer, of Crowhurst Place, Lingfield, Surrey



Inge—Paine

Sec.-Lieut. Edward R. C. Inge, Somerset Light Infantry, son of the Very Rev. Dr. W. R. Inge and Mrs. Inge, of Brightwell Manor, Wallingford, Berks., and Diana Mary Paine, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Paine, of Green Ways, South Croydon, Surrey, were married at All Saints', Sanderstead



Buxton—Savill

Sec.-Lieut. Maurice Buxton, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Major and Mrs. C. E. V. Buxton, of Vicar's Hill Lodge, Lymington, Hants., and Alison Mary Savill, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Savill, of Comenden Manor, Cranbrook, Kent, were married at Holy Trinity, Sissinghurst



Lander—Mount

Captain John Helier Lander, R.E., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John St. Helier Lander, of 14, Harley Gardens, S.W.10, and Charmian Mount, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Alan and Lady Mount, of 6, Burghley Road, Wimbledon, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. Her father is Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways, Ministry of Transport



Evans—Norris

Lieut.-Com. Martin James Evans, R.N., and Jean Patricia Norris, pianist daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Norris, of Tilgate Forest Lodge, Crawley, Sussex, were married at Slaughtam Parish Church. He is the son of the late A. H. Evans, and Mrs. Evans, of Redlayne, Shawford



Burton—Gavin

Major John Miles Burton, R.A., only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Miles Burton, and Mrs. Burton, of Littlewick Meadow, Knaphill, Surrey, and Jocelyn Margot Gavin, only daughter of Flying-Officer and Mrs. Ian Gavin, of 64, Chester Terrace, S.W.1, now at the Orchard, Ashted, Surrey, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

(Concluded on page 292)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

King Willow

"HIS MAJESTY" always has taken a bit of depositing during the wars of the past, and even this one, into which aerial blitzkriege have imported such an added risk to any assemblage, has not stopped him! King Willow is an outdoor, daylight sort of chap, and save upon great occasions does not cause the big concentrations usually associated with, say, a Soccer Cup Final, or a race meeting; hence the target which he provides is never quite so vulnerable.

Look at the London Firemen who arrived at Lord's with band and all complete—a healthy sign surely—and they deserved a better fate than to be turfed out by Reading University, who won with a wicket in hand. The Freshers' matches at the 'Varsities have also defied Hermann Göring, and there is a certain amount of public-school cricket in the offing, not perhaps upon the usual scale of magnificence, but still carrying on. Policemen at Lord's will certainly not be assailed by distraught mothers, or governesses, who ask them if they have seen two fair-haired little girls, dressed in light blue, eating chicken and ham and strawberries and cream on top of somebody's coach; but, nevertheless, there will still be a bit of jolly fun to be knocked out of this form of entertainment.

"Raffles" Cricket

TRUE, as in the last war and in some that have preceded it, that most restful



An Intelligence Officer

Captain J. M. Bruce Lockhart, Seaforth Highlanders, is the eldest son of Mr. J. H. Bruce Lockhart, Headmaster of Sedburgh School, a Cambridge Double Blue who played Rugby and cricket for Scotland. He follows in his father's footsteps in civil and military life. In peacetime he is a schoolmaster, and is now serving in the Intelligence Corps, as his father did in the last war

and enjoyable form of all cricket, the country-house kind that "Raffles" and "Bunny" played, may be interrupted; but again, perhaps not. Who knows but that some of us may still have a chance of asking the host's butler why on earth he played all round that perfectly safe short-pitched one from the local grocer's second-in-command bowling from the "Ha-Ha" end. The catastrophe, of course, was all the more annoying, because the butler, a great theorist and deeply versed in cricket lore, was always good for at least a baker's dozen, whereas the grocer's lad was only their second change.

Again, it is also possible that some may miss that early-morning conversation with Bill, the second whip, met when the host's hounds, including some of the puppies in from walk, were out at summer exercise, while the dew was still very thick on the grass, and that before-breakfast pipe tasted even more than usually good. Bill, it may be mentioned, was one of the opening pair for The House side, a master of the late cut with simply beautiful wrists. None of his horses ever caught hold with him, and this was, of course, because he was such a nice batsman.

Much of this, as I say, may be lacking, but that "King Willow" will not still keep his wicket up there is no doubt. "Plum," I am sure, will see to that, however nasty the bowling and bumpy the wicket.

Missed the Derby?

BY the light of recent events at Nottingham it seems to be unfortunate that His Majesty's other three-year-old, Merry Wanderer, is not engaged in the Derby or the Leger. He won by eight clear lengths of daylight over 1½ mile from the Duke of Norfolk's Clean Sweep, who is entered in the Leger but not in the Derby. Merry Wanderer was his Majesty's second winner of this hectic season, his two-year-old, the Myrobella colt by Bahram, having been his first, in the Hurstbourne Plate at Salisbury in the middle of last month, and the same animal his third on the 9th at the same course, where he won almost more decisively. How about naming him War Chieftain, for Bahram was one? Merry Wanderer may not be of outstanding merit, but the pundits must have misjudged him to the tune of 24 lb. at least. He went out at 10 to 1 and amongst the beaten was Kentucky (last time they met was at the same place, the order being Kentucky, 9.3 (1); Lion Tor, 8.10 (2); Merry Wanderer, 9.2 (3), and the distance was a mile. Very shortly after this, Lion Tor, who is engaged in both the Derby and the Leger, squandered a fairly good opposition at Ripon over a mile, and also won at Edinburgh.

Thinking things over on these lines, it does seem rather a pity that the King has not got this one also in the classics, particularly as there do not seem to be any outstanding angels and ministers of grace amongst this year's three-year-olds.

Merry Wanderer

MERRY WANDERER has quite as good a dossier as many of them. He won the Bestwood Handicap at Nottingham in



A Women's Land Army Competition

A milking competition was held for members of the Worcestershire Land Army on Colonel W. H. Wiggin's land at Clevelode Farm, near Worcester. Mrs. W. H. Wiggin (right) presented the awards to the prizewinners, who, reading from the left, are: Miss Daisy Beard (third), Miss Ashley Bolton (second) and Miss Josephine Pearce (first)

October, ran second to Mercy, who was giving him 13 lb., over six furlongs at Newmarket; he was beaten half a length and he was also second, beaten a head only, to Portulan, to whom he gave 7 lb., in the Bunbury Mile Nursery, also at Newmarket. He started a good favourite. Of course, distances by which races are won and lost are not always a guide. A horse may win by ten lengths, but if the jockeys on the others have dropped their hands and resigned a quite unequal contest, that may mean nothing. Or again, a really clever jockey may win by a head (1 lb.) and actually have about 10 lb. up his sleeve.

Who'd be a handicapper with all this to contend against!

Poor Little Gordon's Accident

THE worst of a broken bone caused by a kick from the iron-shod hoof of a horse is that it might so easily be comminuted. We have not, thank goodness, heard that Gordon Richards' break is as bad as all that, but a kick is never quite so harmless as a punch on the nose from a boxing-glove or a nice gentlemanly collar-bone on good Leicestershire grass. We all wish the gallant little man a quick mend.

Desert Thirst

IT was of desert thirst the Prime Minister was thinking when he made that stock-taking speech in the House, and that which he told that assemblage was from first-hand experience and not of what the butler-told-the-cook order. Mr. Churchill said:

This desert warfare must be conducted only by small forces; 30,000 or 40,000 men is the most who can be fed and supplied in the desert, and it is very doubtful whether even this number can be attained.

In that Sudan campaign of 1898 Kitchener had only 23,000 troops to water and feed; he was able to hug the Nile most



Gibraltar's New Governor

Gen. Viscount Gort took leave of his former A.D.C., Capt. the Earl of Munster, before leaving by aeroplane to take up his new appointment as Governor and C.-in-C. of Gibraltar, in succession to Lieut.-Gen. Sir Clive Liddell. Lord Gort was C.I.G.S. at the outbreak of war and commanded the B.E.F. Since July 1940 he has been Inspector-General to the Forces and Home Guard



A Youth Hostel Birthday Party

Broadmeadow Youth Hostel, Yarrow, was the first Youth Hostel opened in Scotland ten years ago by Lord Salvesen, a noted Scottish Law Lord. A gala birthday tea-party was held to celebrate the occasion, at which some inspiring speeches were made. Lord Keith, another Scottish Lord of Session, appointed in 1937, was photographed with Mrs. Albert, Lord Salvesen and Miss S. A. Ogilvie, Secretary of the Association, Edinburgh District

of the way, he was greatly aided both for flank protection and supply, by river gun-boats and other craft, water was not an acute anxiety, and the force never had to depend entirely upon supplies from ships' condensers; and yet we know that desert thirst, the most blistering of all thirsts, was not by any means absent in that hot September.

Mr. Churchill was a war correspondent on that adventure, and he therefore knows how things are, even when the conditions are as favourable as it is possible for them to be. And now even Cairo has got a 119° in the shade temperature! So how about Libya or anything South!

With the 21st Lancers

INCIDENTALLY, Mr. Churchill, although he was only a war correspondent, and therefore in the interests of his paper not entitled to take undue risks, could not resist the temptation to go in with the 21st Lancers when they made their famous charge upon a very strong body of unbroken infantry at Omdurman. The "Fuzzies" were very awkward, but I fancy any war correspondent so imbued with the cavalry spirit as was (and is) Mr. Churchill, would have done exactly the same.

Anyway, the then future Premier got a very good book out

of it, *The River War*, most useful for reference and for information, especially at this turn in the desert campaign. Kitchener had only that 23,000 and water no great anxiety. Our present opponents have probably four times that number to water and feed. The Italians concentrated 150,000, and they had no command of the sea road any more than they and their friends have to-day.

When Water Hardly Exists

KITCHENER'S River War was an on-velvet operation compared with what earlier

desert scraps had been, and to what some of them have been to-day. Here is an extract from a book, now out of print these many years, *Desert Warfare*, by Bennet Burleigh, who was always called Burly Bennet, when he was the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in the Sudan operations of 1884-85, which practically ended with the second battle of El Teb (Trinkitat), March 29th, with things really stoking up. Here is the extract:

At Tamanieb, or, rather, on the way there, we used to scoop a hole in the loose soil, put a waterproof sheet therein, pour the water from the skins the servants carried, and have a refresher. Note, we wasted nothing, for using no soap, when we had finished (a major and a distinguished chaplain have been glad to utilise the same water after rising from the night's bivouac) the horses were led up and they drank every drop out of the improvised bath tub. When men were compelled to manage on two quarts a day, and each horse on one gallon, one had to see to it closely that the nags were equal to going from daylight to long after dark, so that is how we came to give extra measure to the horses out of the bath.

For water for horses and transport animals we now read "petrol," but there is still the unavoidable human element, and the equally unavoidable sun, which fair burns the eyes out of their sockets and turns the tongue into a razor stop. Until man is made like a camel desert thirst will remain his worst enemy. Latest news from Libya says that the tanks are red hot! I know personally how hot the handles on the railway-carriage doors can get. The sun temperature can be anything from 200° upwards. News from Abyssinia which has just reached me reports that when the troops from the Sudan arrived in the hills, even though they had to fight their way every yard, they said it was like coming out of hell into heaven.



Officers of a Royal Artillery Training Regiment

(Front) Lieut. J. L. Gerson, Captain J. W. Simpson, Captain C. Winter-Irving, M.C., R.A., Major W. Roberts, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel H. R. H. Rouquette, M.C. (Officer Commanding), Major C. P. Hawkins, M.C., Captain J. P. Robinson, Captain K. C. Harding-Carter, Captain M. O'Sullivan, R.A.M.C.; (Centre) Sec.-Lieut. H. E. Dove, Lieut. J. Ingledew, Sec.-Lieut. D. Gordon, Lieut. R. E. Holmes, Lieut. F. M. Fry, Sec.-Lieut. B. J. Flynn, Sec.-Lieut. W. H. P. Smith, Lieut. A. T. Dean; (Back) Sec.-Lieut. E. P. B. Booth, Lieut. E. B. Tomkins, Sec.-Lieut. W. G. Harrison

Getting Married (Continued)



Nation — Haultain

Lieut. Philip T. Nation, R.E., son of Major and Mrs. H. T. Nation, of Victoria, B.C., and Nancy Winefred Gordon Haultain, only daughter of the late Alexander Gordon Haultain, and Mrs. Haultain, of Ottawa, were married at St. Luke's, Chelsea



Wilson — Burkitt

Lieut. (E.) M. A. Wilson, R.N., and Dorothy Joan Burkitt were married at St. Mary's, Barrow Gurney, Somerset. They are both children of Naval Chaplains; he is the son of the Rev. J. K. Wilson, R.N., and Mrs. Wilson; she is the daughter of the Rev. F. H. Burkitt, R.N., and Mrs. Burkitt



Fitzgerald — Pritchard

Lieut. Brian Christopher Fitzgerald, Intelligence Corps, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fitzgerald, of Mead Meadow, Chobham, Surrey, was married at Brompton Oratory to Stephanie Pritchard, daughter of Mrs. Patrick Beynow, of Park Barn, Broad Street Common, Guildford



Mrs. Derek Stevenson *Fayer*

Pamela Jervelund, second daughter of Major and Mrs. C. N. Jervelund, of Carisbrooke, Fleet, Hants., was married on May 10 at All Saints', Fleet, to Captain Derek Paul Stevenson, R.A.M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. P. Stevenson, of Downe, Kingswood, Surrey



Mr. and Mrs. G. F. D. Haslewood

Sec.-Lieut. Guy Francis Dering Haslewood, the Green Howards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Haslewood, of St. James's Court, S.W.1, was married recently to Diana Rosemary Dawson, elder daughter of the late Charles Edwin Dawson, and Mrs. Mortimer, of 8, Queen's Gardens, W.2



Daphne Louise Daubeny *Lenare*

Daphne Louise Daubeny, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cyril Daubeny, of Kilt's Farm, Churt, Surrey, is engaged and will be married in June to Anthony De Lisle Maufe, son of H. B. Maufe, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, and Mrs. D. De L. McClelland, of Oak Ridge, Churt



Davies — Stuchbery

Ellis Davies, King's Royal Rifle Corps, and Joan Mary Stuchbery were married at St. Michael's, Bray. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Davies, of Down Place, Windsor, Berks., and hers are Mr. and Mrs. Owen Stuchbery, of Red Arches, Maidenhead, Berks.



Aldridge — Gray

Pilot-Officer Philip Henry Aldridge, R.A.F.V.R., and Laura Muriel Gray were married at Lavenham. He is the younger son of F. Aldridge, of St. Ermin's, S.W.1. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Gray, of Isebrook, New Barnet, Herts.



Reid — Marriott

Flight-Lieut. Michael Reid, R.A.F., only son of the Rev. E. Reid, Prebendary of Exeter, and Barbara Marriott, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. S. C. Marriott, of Shord Hill, Kenley, Surrey, were married at All Saints', Kenley. The bride is a Red Cross ambulance driver



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Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Propagooose

IT is, in the first place, an advantage to Great Britain and her Allies that German propaganda is so universally held to be supremely excellent. When the Royal Air Force and our anti-aircraft guns—as happened on that famous fifteenth of September last year—shoot down 185 enemy aircraft in one day, and when the German official statement is immediately issued that the German air force only lost 32 machines, we, in this country, go into transports of admiration for Dr. Goebbels and his line-shooters, photo-takers, storytellers and blame-throwers.

When the R.A.F. shoots down thirty and loses five, and the Germans say that the German air force shot down a hundred and lost one, we listen in amazed admiration at the propaganda efficiency of the Teuton. When, after wrecking the open and undefended towns of Rotterdam and Belgrade, and after gunning refugees and shipwrecked sailors, the Germans display humanitarian indignation because the R.A.F. raids Berlin, we fall back in wonder and astonishment.

That, we say, is the way to do it. Why do not the Ministry of Information and Mr. Duff-Cooper—we ask with rising indignation—why do they not tell wopping great lies like that instead of helping the enemy by giving out accurate information? We can, if we try hard enough, get quite angry about it. Our propaganda, we say, is putrid. Now look at the efficient way the Germans do it; look at Haw-Haw; look at their fantastic figures for air losses. Compare our own feeble and tardy releases of plain fact.

Other Views

JOURNALISTS from the United States and other friendly countries back us up. Your propaganda, they say, is just hopeless.



Aircraft Designers At Home

Husband and wife who are flying experts, and work together designing aircraft, are Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Miles. With them at Lane's End House, near Reading, is their two-year-old daughter, Mary. Mrs. Miles, formerly Blossom Forbes-Robertson, was taught to fly by her husband and was the first woman commissioner of the Civil Air Guard

You have not begun to learn how to do it. Look at the wonderful German propaganda. Look at the way they deal with the air war. Look at their films and pictures; look at the special running commentaries they arrange when the *Luftwaffe* is raiding Britain.

Everybody in the world, in fact, seems to agree that the German propaganda machine is far superior to any other. Nobody suggests, of course, that it is telling the truth. Everybody fully appreciates that its job is to spread lies abroad. But what wonderful lies they are! What colourful lies! What enormously big lies! And how brilliantly they are put over! There can be no question that in the wide, efficient, bold and arresting dissemination of falsehood, the Germans have attained a pitch of excellence that has never been remotely approached in any previous age or by any other country.

Information

AND the cry of the journalists is always for Britain to do the same. Their complaint is that they are kept short of stories; and that is true. They are kept short of stories in both the journalistic and the juvenile sense. They get only the truth in so far as it can be ascertained. And although truth may be stranger than fiction, it does not, in wartime, make such good copy; nor does it satisfy the journalists and broadcasters. And yet I, speaking as one with long and extensive experience of aeronautical journalism and broadcasting, approve of our inability to compete with German propaganda on its own ground. It seems to me that it is better, if the facts have not been ascertained, to wait until they have, rather than to issue fiction in their place. It seems to me satisfactory that in the German kind of propaganda we are so utterly incompetent.

It seems to me that it is better to distribute such information as may be distributed without damage to our cause than to indulge in hunkum, bunkum and blah. For look at the result. Surely the result, as found in the beliefs of millions of men and women all over the world, is this: that the German propaganda service tells more and bigger lies and tells them better and to more people than any other propaganda service, while our own information departments confine themselves to tardy and infrequent release of dull facts.

I must add that we have one thing for which we must thank the German propaganda machine. It is that delightful term,



Three Well-Known R.A.F. Officers

Two of the officers of a Fighter Squadron somewhere in England are well known in other walks of life. F.-O. W. Comber, known as Tully Comber on the stage, took the part of *The Betrothed* in Bernard Shaw's "Geneva"; has also done much film work. F.-O. R. F. Walker first came to England as lightweight sparring partner to Tommy Farr and Frankie Hough. He is one of the only American adjutants in this country. Between them is Sq.-Ldr. F. Harrison, who earned the nickname "Capitaine Sapristi" when he was in France last spring

"cultural damage." It seems that the *Luftwaffe* has done only military damage to London, Coventry and other cities in this country; but that the Royal Air Force has committed the awful crime of doing "cultural damage" to Berlin. Here is one of those cases in which the Germans can never know quite how funny they have been. I can see heavyweight boxers doing cultural damage to one another in future fights. But the German has often been an unintentional humorist. The pity is that he does not confine himself to that activity.

Night Raiders Must Fall

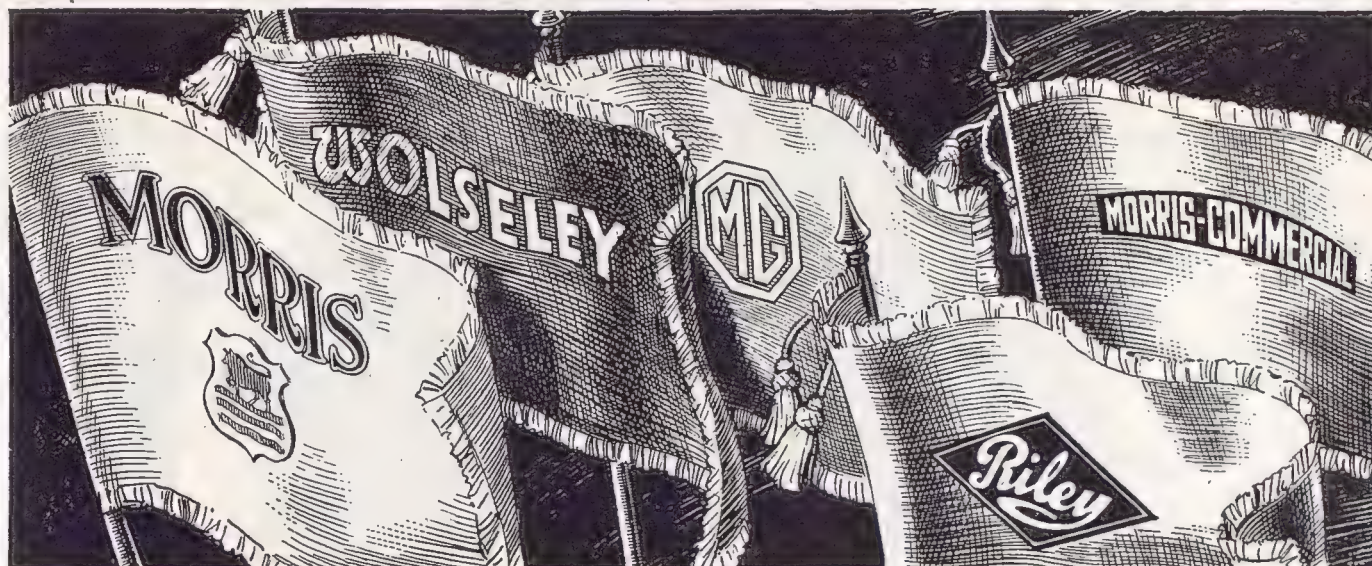
I AM writing these notes at a time when the Royal Air Force has been doing particularly well at night. The anti-aircraft guns also have been improving their shooting and bringing down many more enemy machines for rounds fired.

It is true that the night-fighter successes have been mostly achieved in the moonlight and with good visibility. It seems that we have still not solved the many problems of interception in the dark. But even there we may, if we urge forward our scientific work and our organisational work, get improved results soon.

The truth is that the German night raiders must be countered. Whatever damage they do—and it varies widely—they are a great nuisance and they take an appreciable toll of civilian life. In view of the fact that the night-flying Camels of the war of 1914-18, which were without instruments or ground direction, and which had to seek out German aircraft much more sparsely scattered than the present machines, I refuse to believe that night interception with modern instruments and with the numbers of raiders in use to-day cannot be vastly improved.

In fact, from the information I have had I would have thought the solution would have been nearer. But in war one can never tell if some new development will go forward quickly or will be constantly held up by unexpected snags and difficulties.

At any rate, it does appear that in strong moonlight the German-raider losses are going to increase to a deterrent proportion quickly.



Guardians of British Motoring

The motoring public is an important section of the population. In times of peace it represents, perhaps, the most stable portion of the community. Now, in war, its motoring activities curtailed, it has been among the first to forego leisure hours in the service of the country.

The Group of Companies controlled by Viscount Nuffield has always made it a guiding principle to study intelligently the interests of the motorist, to look at motoring from *his* point of view down to the smallest detail, as opposed to simply manufacturing motor cars.

The coming of the war has not altered that relationship, and although the network of factories operated by the Nuffield Organization is fully engaged in the production of war material, the interests of war-time

motorists are fully covered. The chain of service stations for the supply of spare parts for Morris, Wolseley, M.G. and Riley cars is in active being all over the country. Expertly reconditioned used cars are constantly available. Here, again, the public can rely, in their dealings with motor traders associated with the Nuffield Group, upon an attitude which takes fully into account the difficulties of these times.

The Nuffield Organization is in effect a Guardian of the interests of the Private Motorist both at present and for the future. And future there will be. This vast organization which even before the war produced a major proportion of the country's motor traction is planning now to increase threefold its Service to British Motoring.

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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

IN the morning post of a friend in the City was a long buff envelope bearing the War Office mark (writes "Peterborough" in the *Daily Telegraph*). It was opened by his secretary, who found inside a second long, but slightly smaller, envelope. As it was marked "Secret" she discreetly left it for her chief to open himself.

When he did so he discovered a letter. It ran: "Dear Mr. X.—Very many thanks for your letter of January 10th, the contents of which I note and for which I am very much obliged.—Yours sincerely, A.B.C."

In the top left-hand corner it bore the word "Secret" in large red letters.

A VARIATION of the office boy and the football match:—

Calling at a large drapery store during a spring sale, a business man came across his typist.

"So this is your grandmother's funeral?" he said, sternly.

"Yes, looks like it, doesn't it?" answered the girl, pointing to a mass of struggling women. "She's in the middle of that lot."

TWO men, both noted for their caution when it came to money, met in the street.

"Well, well," said one, "fancy running into you like this. I was just looking for someone to lend me ten shillings."

"Is that so?" replied the other. "Well, you've got a nice day for it."

AN R.A.S.C. recruit had had his first spell driving an Army lorry. On his return he had to report a slight mishap.

"Sorry, sarge, and all that," he announced brightly, "but I ran a man down."

"Great Heavens!" gasped the sergeant. "Was it serious?"

"Oh, no. Just bent a wing and scratched the paint a bit!"

THE Communist climbed on his soap-box. He waved his arms violently.

"Comrades," he began, "what are we waiting for? Why don't we unite and declare our strength? We are the logical rulers of the world. Why should a few millionaires have the honey and the cream—while we sweat and toil and must be satisfied with crumbs?"

A young man in the audience spoke up.

"Here, you," he advised, "you're doin' a lot of squawkin' up there. When was the last time you earned an honest bob?"

The Communist reddened. He gazed at the crowd.

"Will somebody call a cop," he requested.

"We don't want any agitators around here!"

THE man of the house was doing some carpentry and

his small son ran into the room where his mother was. He was sobbing bitterly.

"What's the matter, dear?" inquired the mother.

"Daddy hit his finger with the hammer," sobbed the boy.

"Well, you needn't cry at a thing like that," answered his mother. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I did," came the reply, with a fresh burst of sobs.

A LITTLE boy sitting in the bus was crying bitterly.

He told the conductor that he had lost the money for his fare. The conductor gave him a free penny ticket.

As he turned away after performing this good deed, however, the conductor was halted by a small but indignant voice exclaiming:

"Ere! 'Oo d'yer fink yer swindling? Give us me change—it was a frippenny bit wot I lorst!"



"This fish strikes me as exceedingly funny, waiter."

"Well, why not have a real good laugh?"

TWO very weary soldiers were hiking the long, long road back to camp. It was a lovely evening, and presently one paused to admire the sunset and the view.

"Isn't it lovely?" he exclaimed. "It makes me feel like the poet. 'Oh, for the wings of a dove,' you know."

The other wiped his streaming brow and retorted:

"I'd rather have the breast of a chicken, thanks."

THE battalion was ready to go up the line, and the order was "Pass the word along—the guide is here." At least, that's how it started.

On the way down to the other end of the column the message became "Pass the word along—the guide is in the rear."

It continued like that for a platoon or two, and then was given an addition: "Pass the word along—the guide is in the rear; and ask the silly blighter what the bloomin' heck he's doing there!"

HE was a new and very nervous recruit. He dropped his rifle while at drill. The sergeant-major's eyes popped out of his head at the horrid sight, and for a few moments he gasped for breath. Then:

"Hey, you!" he roared. "How long have you been in the Army?"

"P-p-please, sir," faltered the miserable recruit, "all d-d-day, sir."

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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Address



"Could you spare his lordship a cigarette, Randall, in exchange for two cigars?"

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(Right) showing simple but ingenious expanding device, patent No. 2811.

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The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. BROOKE

Bradley's, the well-known artists in dress at Chepstow Place, with their usual flair for knowing just what women are needing, are specialising in ready-to-wear dresses designed and carried out in their own workrooms. There are pleasant touches of individuality about them. The one pictured on the right is of spotted artificial crepe, reinforced with collar, pockets and cuffs. There are models for the older as well as the younger woman, all of which are so simple that they are ideal for wearing when off duty. The scheme is completed with a simple straw hat ornamented with ribbon



There is no doubt about it that the "County Frocks" at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, are altogether charming. Illustrations of these will be sent on application. They are carried out in many excellent fabrics, and a fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that washing frocks are from 49s. 6d. By the way, they are admirably tailored. A few words must be said about the new fabric, crochlyn: it has the appearance of lace, nevertheless it wears remarkably well. Destined to accompany these dresses are practical bags in washable crochet string, in white or natural shades



Included in the collection of washing frocks at Debenham and Freebody's is the striped silk dress on the extreme left. As will be seen, the skirt is arranged with pleats. It buttons through, which is an immense advantage. The other frock is of canvas linen, finished with a patent leather belt, amusing buttons and a handkerchief tucked in the breast pocket. The shoe department is well worth a visit, as there are perforated calf and suede court shoes, and gusset shoes in the same materials with Cuban heels. Nor must it be overlooked that there is an infinite variety of sandals



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These are two examples from a range of garments in real silk Milanese

1 (above)
Sleeveless Pyjama with stitched turned down collar, and full wide trousers. In rose, ivory and black. **70/-**

2 (left)
Practical Long-sleeved Nightdress with turned down collar, finished satin ribbon bow. In rose, ivory and black. **94/6**

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Most of the Yardley Perfumery and Beauty Products are going Overseas in support of our Nation's great Export Drive; your sisters there have always loved them just as much as you do.

Please use carefully those little refinements you still can enjoy—be scrupulous in your choice when you must replace, and remember—Quality IS Economy.

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in
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**Print and Plain
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Full Size Gown**

In happy contrast is the bright multi-coloured floral crêpe top of this dress in satin-back marocain. The skirt is pleated alike at back and front, and with the bolero effect, gives a youthful slimming line to the fuller figure. In black or navy with top to tone. Hip sizes 44 to 50 in. **98/6**

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Round the Restaurants

"The Tatler and Bystander" Guide to Lunching,
Dining and Dancing in Wartime London



*M. Casado is going
to teach housewives*

The May Fair

At the May Fair you will soon be finding all Agood housewives. They will be qualifying for Casado's wartime cookery course, open to all May Fair clients. Lessons are planned to take place every morning at ten-thirty in the May Fair kitchens, and Casado himself will be the master, showing all and sundry how to cook up wartime ingredients the May Fair way. Economy and dietetics are the watchwords, and anybody who's wanting to make a fillet steak out of a couple of carrots and a handful of oatmeal would be well advised to go along.

Apart from the food, May Fair news is that the feminine invasion has spread to the band with the introduction of a very attractive and efficient girl pianist among Jack Jackson's personnel; the Cabaret floor is being well held by the Aspidistras, taking the more mature senior officers present back to the days of their youth and generally discounting grandfather-worship; Frank Fisher, the hotel's general manager, has become engaged to a highlight of the W.V.S. (congratulations); Brega is on the edge of the R.A.F.

It all means a lot of changes, but the May Fair doesn't really change, it just stays right on top. And any night you go there you'll see how many people appreciate that fact.

The Lansdowne

ANOTHER R.A.F. prospect is Sidney Reed, the Lansdowne's brilliant barman, and soon José and Junior, his latest alcoholic (most) creations may be expected to be gracing some lucky aerial mess.

Not that the Air Force doesn't now come in in quantity to lap them up at the Lansdowne, but one always thinks of it rather as an Army place with brass hats clinking in the cloakroom and a scarlet fever epidemic of red tabs on the dance floor. That is all to the Army's credit, for where could they do better, or in better company? An opulent lack of ostentation has always been Fernandez's keynote, and the clientele proves his success.

There is no doubt about it, the place is smart, and smart in the best way, "neat but not gaudy" as Polonius would have it, and with a quality which is not just superficial. Food, wines, music, service, all are in impeccable taste, not fussy or over-elaborate but "toujours comme il faut."



The Lansdowne cocktail-king is skyward bound

Hatchett's

WHERE you really do get the R.A.F. in London is Hatchett's. As in the old days coaches used to start from the Piccadilly doors of the White Horse Cellars from which Hatchett's has grown, so now one almost expects to find Hampdens, Whiteleys and Stirlings waiting at the door, all firmly labelled "Hamburg" or "Berlin."

With this sky-blue crowd and its accompanying covey of wives, sisters and others, most attractive as a rule (the R.A.F. have a way with them) you will find a good sprinkling of the Army's livelier subalterns, not to mention a wave of sea-dogs, all similarly partnered. For Hatchett's is above all gay, not hysterically or tawdrily so, but with the right air of spirited relaxation from strenuous doings. That goes for the band, for the decor, for the atmosphere, for the people.

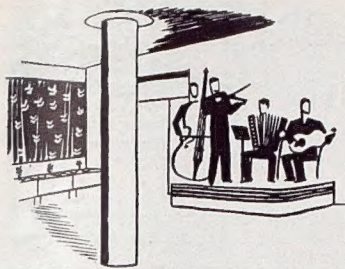
Which, when you come to think of it, is all very remarkable. For it is a very few years indeed since Hatchett's was the sombre haunt of strong, stern silent men, clublike in its heavy reticence and noted only for the excellence of its food and wines.

As souvenir of those days you will still find, aloof from the pocket-handkerchief dance-floor, even from the visual and auditory charms of Peggy McCormack, people who come to enjoy a first-class dinner. And most remarkable of all, they as well as their less censorious juniors get all their hearts could wish. It is the best possible tribute to the success of the change-over that nothing has been lost with so much gained.

The Normandie

FURTHER to mine of last month," if you have still not ventured down to the Knightsbridge to make the acquaintance of Mr. Majori's Normandie, you are foolish if you delay beyond this evening. It has a delight all its own, to drink at, to dine at, to dance at, to stay at; in fact definitely the find of the season.

Not that plenty of people haven't found it long ago and have passed the word around so that the low, gently-lighted room is packed nightly and Mr. Majori has a regular headache about the direction in which he must expand to cope with the growing demand.



Ready for Normandie swing

any point becoming aggressive. All those, and many more, blessings are heaped on Normandie customers, and what's more cost them a great deal less than they would have thought.

And as a parting recommendation: it's a safe bet that the girl-friend's first remark will be "What a charming room." That sort of thing counts for a lot.

Martinez

Now the days are drawing out, the occasion is apt to draw your favourable attention to Senor Martinez's Andalusian sherry lounge. A visit to it need not be merely the prelude to a meal, and you can sit and talk and while the less-crowded hours away in a delightfully cool and restful atmosphere over glasses of sherry without equal in London. English palates are commended particularly to the Isabelita and Tio Pepe. Get the Martinez habit on your way home or to use well the time before a late dinner in town.

And for preference make no plans as to where you are going on afterwards. For you will hear faintly from downstairs the strains of Edmundo Ros's music, and are liable to feel frustrated if you can't go down to the vault to eat of Martinez's fine Spanish food, with a bottle of Rioja or Moraima to go with it and to show how good Spanish wines other than sherry can be.

And, maybe, Ros and his boys will be broadcasting, as they sometimes do from the restaurant, to their native West Indies, so you can be sure that the haunting Caribbean music you listen and dance to is the real thing.

Maison Prunier

CALLING all oyster-lovers. You haven't much time left. Those rare green oysters which you get only at Prunier's are soon to disappear from the menu for their summer recess. You have had a month of grace since the magic R dropped from the month and let us hope you are using it to good advantage by dropping in at Prunier's for a dozen and a glass of stout, or better still by taking the bivalve as prelude to a Prunier meal, be it Air Raid lunch or Blackout dinner, both of which are in full swing in spite of the absence of day raids and of the extra hours of daylight.

To offset the disappearance of green oysters, which are going out with the month of May, there is good news too. Our oldest allies, the Portugaises, have thrived to such purpose in their wartime English beds that Mme. Prunier will this year her record of all-the-year-round oyster provision. The Portugaises are always with us.

After the oysters there are still the good things one has come to expect at Prunier's, and some new ones. Notable is Pâté de Poisson Traktir, a cold concoction of fish and mushrooms to tickle the most sophisticated palate. Then there are "Les Crudites" composed of fresh raw vegetables, lettuce, tomato, cucumber and so on. Woolton's joy in fact, and when the noble Lord and the discriminating palate are in such perfect agreement, what more could anybody ask?

The New Queen's

If it is to Hatchett's that the R.A.F. goes on its big nights out, it certainly packs the New Queen's, bars, brasserie and all, nightly in less formal mood. And since the floor was cleared for the boys and girls to dance to Java's music, the Queen's has lacked nothing that makes a party go.

Michel, the chef, can still manage to make meals look, taste and feel like the peace time article without turning a hair of Lord W.'s head; the wine list stretches from beer all-sorts and all-good to a selection of really first-class wines in bottle and carafe; the atmosphere and the people have a proper leave-time gaiety; and Java has 'em all dancing with just that spirit which used to get 'em all singing. At any price it would be value, and as it is you can't begin to do as well elsewhere at anything like the Queen's remarkably low prices. Any time from six to midnight, before or after a movie or show, for a drink, for dinner, for supper, for the evening, the Queen's will never disappoint you.

La Coquille

M. PAGES recently in a public-spirited way offered to give a percentage of his profits from La Coquille and its new-born brother, La Cigale, to wartime charity. So he trotted round to all the proper quarters, who all referred him to other proper quarters till he got the idea they didn't give a damn about his offer. So he has chosen a less tape-bound way of making his generous gesture and uniformed patrons of his restaurants now find ten per cent slashed off their already reasonable bills, be they field marshals, petty officers or aircraftmen class two.

And you get plenty of all these categories at La Coquille, where the discriminating know they are sure to find fish, flesh and fowl, but especially fish, cooked and served in the best French tradition. And apart from what you get and the perfect way it's served, there's the quiet intimacy of the place which makes it perfect for diner a deux or for the less ribald and more gastronomic sort of party.

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of the
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An example in light beige woollen material from a group of softly-tailored ensembles. The gown has short sleeves and a deep pleat centre front of skirt. Other shades and styles in average sizes. **10½ gns.**

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From a collection of ensembles in woollen materials. This is in a soft brown shade, the gown has short sleeves. Can be ordered in other shades **9½ gns.**

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MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
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How Horlicks can supplement children's food in war-time

EVERYONE knows that the shortage of sweets falls hard on children.

The craving they have for sweet things reflects a profound physiological need—their need for a food that is all quickly converted into energy.

Horlicks consists largely of natural sugars (milk sugar and malt sugars) and dextrins. These pass very rapidly into the bloodstream, providing just the quick energy that children need.

Without risk of upset, too! Children can take a lot of Horlicks quite safely, with nothing but benefit. Indeed, in cases of summer diarrhoea, Horlicks is recommended and widely used in hospitals because, being absorbed high up in the alimentary canal, it maintains the patient's strength without reaching the irritated bowel.

The shortage of protein (meat, fish, eggs) also falls hardest on children. For though it is not widely known, children

actually need relatively more protein than adults.

Here again, Horlicks is of great value. There is a very high proportion of protein in Horlicks—14.2%. Half of this is milk protein, half cereal protein; an ideal dietary yield.

Horlicks also supplies the protective minerals. It is an especially good source of phosphorus.

So let your children have Horlicks. They'll love it and it will do them so much good. Prices are the same as before the war: from two shillings a bottle, at all chemists and grocers.

If your chemist or grocer is temporarily out of stock of Horlicks, ask him again in a few days' time: probably by then a further delivery will have been made.

Note: Some children like their Horlicks "neat"—taken on a teaspoon straight from the bottle. In this way it seems more like the sweets they miss, and even in this concentrated form Horlicks can be digested easily.

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When you wake up with a head you can hardly lift, when your brain won't concentrate and you hate the thought of getting up, it's a sign of acidity. A disturbed night, or overwork, over-worry, getting too tired, smoking too much, even drinking too much, has caused an "acid condition."

It's not much good taking something to ease this pain for half an hour, if it leaves the condition untouched. That's one time to take a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the best remedy of all for any sort of headache. It stops the pain like magic and at the same time it definitely counteracts the excess acidity, so that your brain gets clear and alert and you feel better in every way. Remember 'Bromo-Seltzer' contains no Aspirin, and it has no awkward laxative effects. It's simply a grand twofold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Tiredness, Indigestion, and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

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By a Paper Control Order, the output of British paper is drastically restricted and all publications are compelled to exercise the strictest economy and in future no periodicals can now be stocked for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each week.

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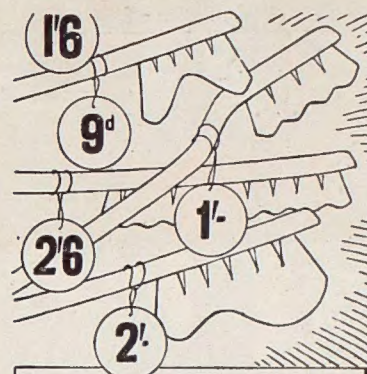
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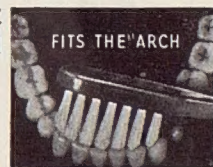
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